

THE RIGHT WAY OF SPELLING "KIST."

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.



ACCORDING to a report of Andrew Carnegie's Simplified Spelling Board just made public, thousands of prominent persons all over the country have pledged themselves to be "kist" in four letters instead of the customary half dozen.

"Prominent" persons, of course, are not great lovers. Prominence rarely becomes worth while till sheer bliss has ceased to be so. But I feel sure that even the men and women of that category have adopted the new form of spelling thoughtlessly.

No one whose veins flowed faster than a leaf-clogged gutter would agree cold-bloodedly to shorten the most delectable of human pastimes by two letters. Surely they know not what they do, and, perhaps, it is not too late for some one to tell them.

We do not mind "mist" for missed, "blush" for blushed, "sist" for sipped—all of these processes, save possibly the one involving the mint julep, may be shortened without harming us or ourselves. But "kist"? The veriest anchorette, the "newest" woman, the oldest man must perceive and deprecate the sacrilege.

It may be suggested that it is possible to cut the symbol without shortening the kiss itself, to "blue-pencil" our love stories for their own good. But any attempt to "time" the labial contact must necessarily prove fatal to the spontaneity that is the essential life.

Angelina, or Dorothy, or Gladys, as your name may be, can you fancy the delicious moments that follow the announcement of that greatest human event in all the years Domini? I refer, needless to say, to your engagement to Jack being summarized in the public press in this wise:

"Last evening, under the auspices of the Carnegie Board for Simplified Spelling, a phonetic kissing bee was held, the contestants being Miss Angelina Spotsnap and Mr. Edwin Noodleplate. Carnegie rules prevailed. The president and secretary of the board refereed the affair, and at the end of a lively go pronounced Miss Spotsnap fairly 'kist' and pinned a Carnegie medal over the wounded heart of Mr. Noodleplate."

Yet to this likeness must we come at last if the interference of Mr. Carnegie's board be not immediately checked.

Let us be firm. Let us tell the board that when in the course of human events it becomes necessary for us to spell "kissed" we will spell it any way we want to—with all twenty-six letters of the alphabet and the and-so-forth sign and the et cetera and all the punctuation marks, if it occurs to us. For life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness require it.

BETTY VINCENT'S ADVICE TO LOVERS.

A CORRESPONDENT writes that he loves a girl to whom his mother objects because of religious differences. Religion means a great deal, but it should not interfere with matrimony. Your mother's attitude seems to trouble you more than the religious side, anyway.

If you love the girl as much as your letter infers, do not let your mother's ideas separate you. By gratifying her you will make her happy and two people miserable. By returning to the girl you will make two people happy, and your mother will change her ideas when she sees that your happiness through life depends upon your marrying the girl.

She will forgive you, for a mother's love in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred is much stronger than her religious ideas, however fixed the latter appear to be.

All perplexed young people can obtain expert advice on their tangled love affairs by writing to Betty Vincent. Letters for her should be addressed to BETTY VINCENT, Evening World, Post-Office Box 124, New York.

Loves a Girl His Junior.

Dear Betty:

I AM a young man twenty years of age and deeply in love with a girl two years my junior. I have been keeping company with her for about eight months and have called regularly at her house every Sunday evening until a month ago. I wrote her a letter telling her I could not call that evening, but would be pleased to call again if she would let me know when it was most convenient for her to see me. She did not answer my letter, but met a friend of mine last night and told him to tell me she was asking for me and to come up to her house some time to see her. Please advise me what to do.

P. T.

Accept the young woman's invitation and go and call on her.

He Calls on Another.

Dear Betty:

FOR the last four years I have been corresponding with a young man. He pretends when he is with me that he loves me, and I think the same of him. He calls about two nights out of the week, and the rest of the evenings he would call on another young lady friend of his. He professes to me he cares nothing for her. Do you think he really loves me as much as he says?

PERPLEXED.

You cannot expect your friend to give up all his acquaintances for you, unless you are really engaged. I would give him the benefit of the doubt and trust him.

Very Particular.

Dear Betty:

LAST night I was at a wedding and there met a young lady whom I like very much. After we had the first dance she introduced me to her parents, who were also at the wedding. After that she and I went together during the entire evening. Her parents left early in the evening, but she wished to remain and asked me if I would not see her home. After taking her home I asked her if I might call, as she did not ask me, and she said I would be welcome. Now, do you think I ought to call on her? I think that if she cared for me she would have asked me to call. But I should judge that she has the characteristics of one.

She Should Choose.

Dear Betty:

I AM a girl of eighteen and I am very friendly with a young gentleman three years my senior, whom I like very much, and I am quite sure he cares for me. I have a girl friend who is very much against him and is always saying something wrong about him, which discourages me.

UNDECIDED R. E. G.

You cannot continue to listen to stunts about a man and care for him. This girl may not be so much of a friend as you think she is. If you are sure that the man is all right go on caring for him and drop the girl.

She Speaks of Marriage.

Dear Betty:

DEARLY love a young girl. She has often spoken to me of marriage, which subject I try to elude, as my prospects do not allow it. I could not drop this girl, as I love her dearly and she comes from a good family. I've asked her to wait a year or so, till my prospects were better, but she said that \$5 (my present salary) was enough to live on.

J. B.

I think you are right in asking the girl to wait, though many people begin life on less than your present salary. Why not have a frank talk with the girl and become engaged to her?

Isn't He Trifling?

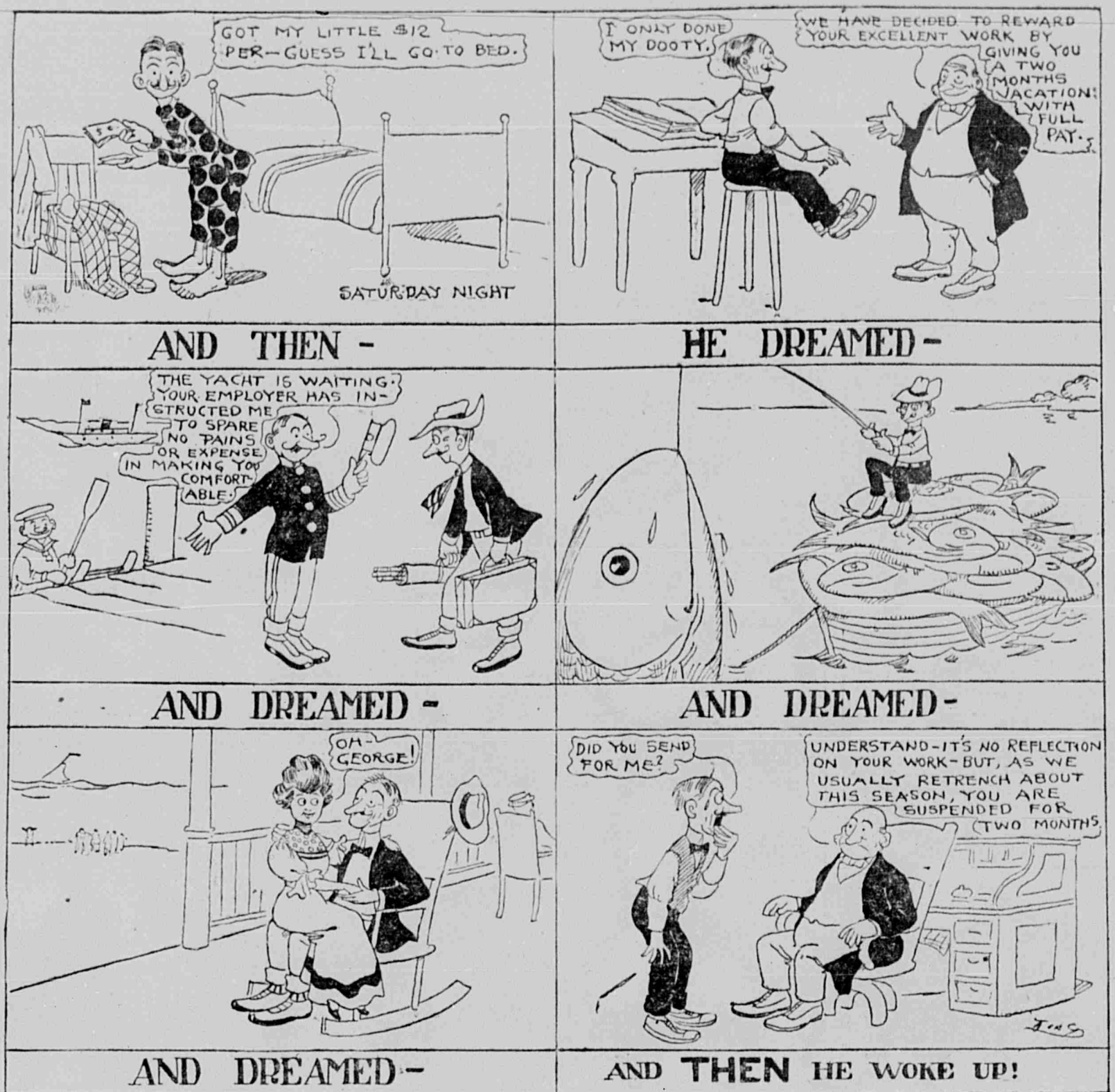
Dear Betty:

I AM a young woman and very much in love with a young man one year my senior. He has told me that he loved me, but he also told my girl friend the same thing. He explained this to me and told me he did not mean it when he told her. Now, don't you think he ought to explain to her and not let her think he loves her? She only cares for him as a friend while I love him with all my heart.

LILLIAN.

If he did not mean it when he told her, how can you tell that he meant it when he told you? Do not fix your eyes on a trifler. From your letter I should judge that he has the characteristics of one.

HAPPY DREAMS. By F. G. Long.



LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

In Gravesend Bay.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

There is a stretch of land, some miles in area, bordering Gravesend Bay. On it are Bath Beach, Bensonhurst, Van Pelt Manor, Ulmer Park and other resorts. People go to these places in summer for coolness and for still water bathing. The former they get. They get the latter, too, but in addition these swimmers also get dead cats, an occasional dead horse, the garbage of fifty yachts and the detritus of jettison of the bay as well as the refuse that chances to fall from the polished docks of the gallant fleet of garbage defenders that are gallantly towed out to sea, past Gravesend Bay. Hence, bathing there is a thrilling pastime. This lovely bay and its pleasant resorts merit far better bathing facilities. Cannot the water be kept cleaner? Let local dwellers make some suggestion.

BENSONHURSTER.

No, He Is Already a Citizen.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Is it necessary for a young man born in the United States, and whose father is an alien, to become naturalized before he can vote?

A. A. C.

Indorses Clergyman's Ideas.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Edwin E. objects to the remarks about peek-a-boo waists. I think the reverend up-State gentleman was justified in what he said about the indecency of such waists.

M. W.

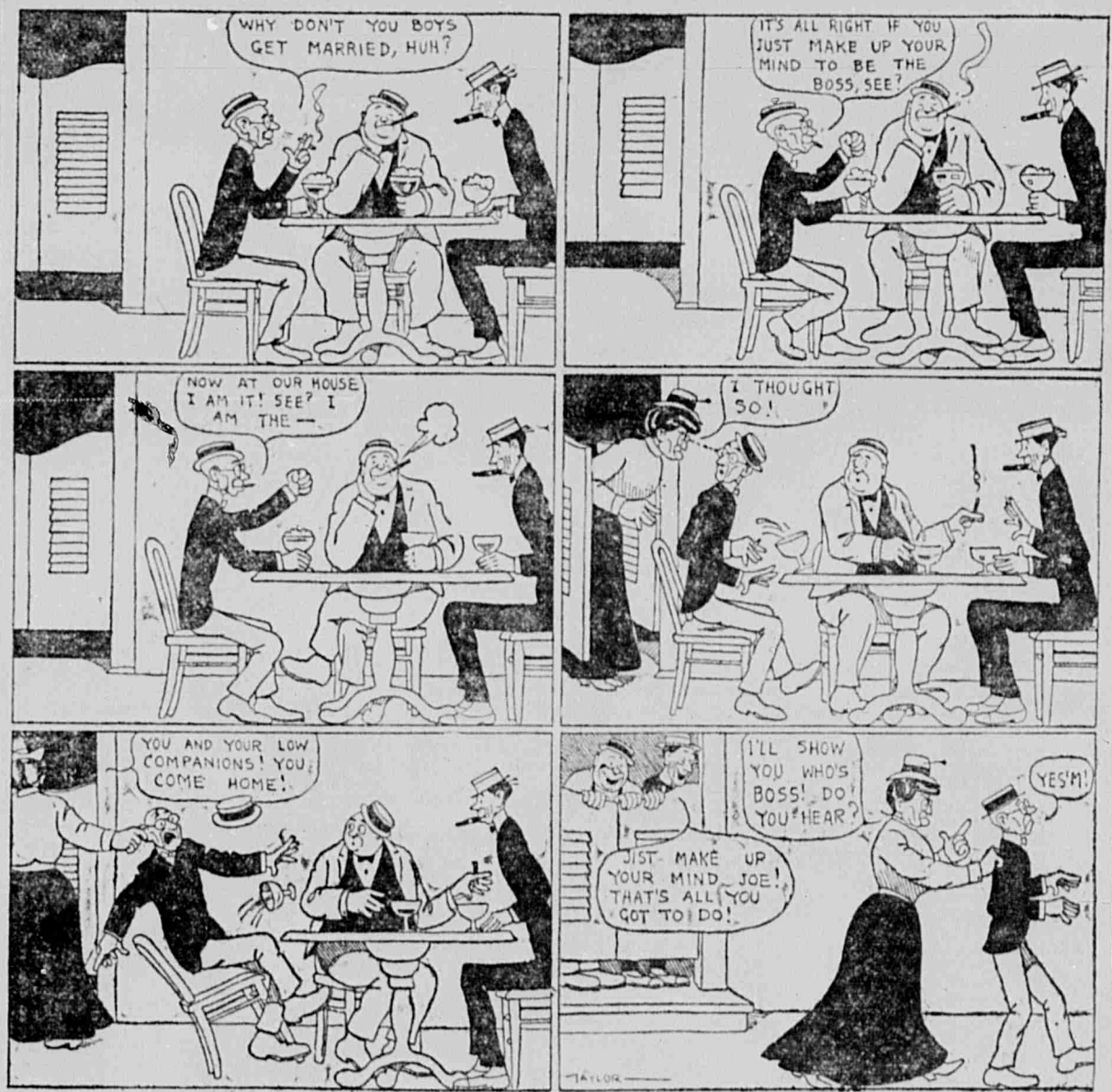
Good Old New Jersey.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

A correspondent wonders why New Jersey is made the butt of vaudeville jokes. F. Woodhead answers that New Jersey is all right (and he may be right), but that it is inhabited by mosquitoes and people who wish they could live in New York. Now, Mr. Woodhead could not have travelled far out of the city or he would have found that there are just as many mosquitoes all over New York State as in New Jersey. As to Jerseymen wishing to live in New York, I guess they know better. New Jersey for mine every time!

JERSEY GIRL.

THE FOOLISH LIFE. By R. W. Taylor.



HINTS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

Cocoanut Pudding.
QUARTER of a pound of desiccated cocoanut, quarter of a pint of milk, one ounce of butter, one ounce of sugar, four eggs, one ounce of cake crumbs, vanilla, glace cherries. Put the cocoanut and milk in a pan on the fire and let it cook till the cocoanut is tender. Cream the butter and sugar; then beat up the yolks and add them. When the milk is a little cooled pour it on to them and add cake crumbs and vanilla to taste. Lastly, add lightly the whites of two eggs which have been whisked to a stiff froth. Put the mixture into a well-buttered pie dish and bake for half an hour. Then take the whites of two eggs and whip them to a stiff froth, add one and a half tablespoons of sugar and a little vanilla. Just before the pudding is done spread this meringue on the top and let it brown lightly. Before serving decorate the top with pieces of glace cherries.

Cocoanut Cakes.
ONE cup of grated cocoanut, 1 cup sugar, white of 1 egg beaten stiff and 2 tablespoons of flour. Bake 10 minutes.

Bottled Raspberries.
SELECT the large raspberries. Pick them over carefully without bruising and drop them gently into quite clean bottles till they fill them to the neck. Stand the bottles in a large kettle of cold water with bands of hay or straw around them. As soon as the water comes to a boil lift the kettle off the stove. Take each bottle out and fill up with absolutely boiling water to the neck of the bottle, just covering the fruit. Then strike three sulphur matches together and hold them tightly in the neck of the bottle till it is full of the white fumes. Withdraw the matches, cover quickly and tightly with heavy white paper. Now return the bottles to its place on the kettle and leave until next day. Quite cold. These raspberries keep quite well and are fresh fruit when used.

To Whiten a Pan.
RUB the hat all over thoroughly with lemon juice. After it has been on one long enough to whiten it sufficiently wash the hat off in clear water.

Rice Cream.
BOIL one cup rice in sweet milk until tender. Add one cup powdered sugar. Pour in a glass dish and drop bits of currant jelly over the top. Beat the whites of two eggs, with one-half teaspoon of cream and four tablespoons of sugar. Flavor with vanilla and pour over rice, set on ice and when very cold serve in small saucers, with lady fingers or any preferred cake.

Deimonico Pudding.
COOK one cup of rice until soft; add while hot half cup butter, five tablespoons sugar, five beaten eggs, quarter cup brandy, quarter pound currants, quarter pound seeded raisins, quarter pound citron cut fine, one quart of cream, nutmeg and salt to taste. Bake one hour.

Rice Timbale Cases.
FILL timbale molds with rice. When cold scoop out the inside and fill with creamed fish meat or chicken.

Tropical Soup.
TAKE three pints of rich beef broth and three-fourths cup of rice. Boil together one hour, keeping kettle tightly covered. Press through a sieve returning all that runs through. Beat one egg with half a cupful of cream. Add to the soup. Cook three minutes; season. Serve.

How to Make Sachets.
A DOZEN spoons of white luster crocheted cotton, that were dropped into the pick-up work basket, in due time assumed the form of a half-dozen dainty sachets of varying shapes and sizes—from the tiny heart-shaped corsage sachet to the large square one intended for pillow's handkerchief case. These were intended to scent the trousseau of a girl friend. Crocheted sachets are very popular and can be made by

At the Grand Central Depot.

By Roy L. McCardeh.

Scene I.—Waiting-Rooms.

WAITING-ROOMS during commuters' rush hours. All sorts and conditions of men, women and children on the benches and crowding at ticket, information and parcel windows and around candy, flower and telephone stands.

Attendant (to somnolent individual who is giving imitations of District-Attorney Jerome)—Hey, you can't sleep here!

Somnolent Individual—Don't I know it? (Grumbles and composes himself for slumber again.)

Commuter (to wife who has been in town shopping)—Got your ticket?

Commuter's Wife—No, dear, haven't time. I can pay on the train.

Commuter—They won't let you through the gate!

Shrill Boy—Look at the funny man without shoes or stockings and the long hair! (Heath crank as described advances followed by gaping crowd.)

Inquisitive Man—Bog pardon, would you tell me who you are?

Health Crank—Yes, sir. I am Larue, the Nature Man. I am from Physical Culture City, N. J.

Inquisitive Man—A follower of Fletcherism?

Health Crank—To a certain extent, yes. (In answer to question by severe looking party) No, sir, no underclothes. I live the nature-life.

(Crowd regards him with breathless interest—but the arrival of a bridal party draws all the women away from contemplation of the Nature Man.)

Mother of Bride—Don't mind me, dear. I c-c-c-can't help crying!

Best Man (a fiercely jocose person)—Don't beat your wife on the train, George. Wait till you get home, to be!

Women friends of Bride—Ain't he the horrid thing! (All kiss bride and dab at their eyes with handkerchiefs.)

Best Man—And I hope, George, you won't jump over Niagara falls. (Bridgroom looks as if he would be glad to as some miscreant in the party produces a bag of rice and throws a handful down his throat just as he is about to say something.)

Bride's Mother—Don't cry, dear!

Bride (wearily)—I'm not crying, but my eyes are full of rice.

Best Man—Yes, that's your train, George; but why go to Niagara? You should have gone to Boston—the Joy Line runs there, you know! (This old joke having been received with gloomy respect, more rice throwing and kissing follows and party rushes to gate exchanging felicitations.)

Scene II.—On the Concourse.

Commuter—Didn't I tell you, Ellen, they wouldn't let you through without a ticket?

Wife—Well, why didn't you go and wait for me at the depot home till I came on the next train?

(The logic of this not striking Mr. Commuter, they quarrel violently as to who is to blame for the lady having no ticket.)

New Rochelle Man—There's our train ready now!

Larchmont Man—Yes, past half a mile of empty cars. Did you ever see such a system?

New Rochelleite—Fierce!

Larchmont Man—When will the New Haven Road be electrified?

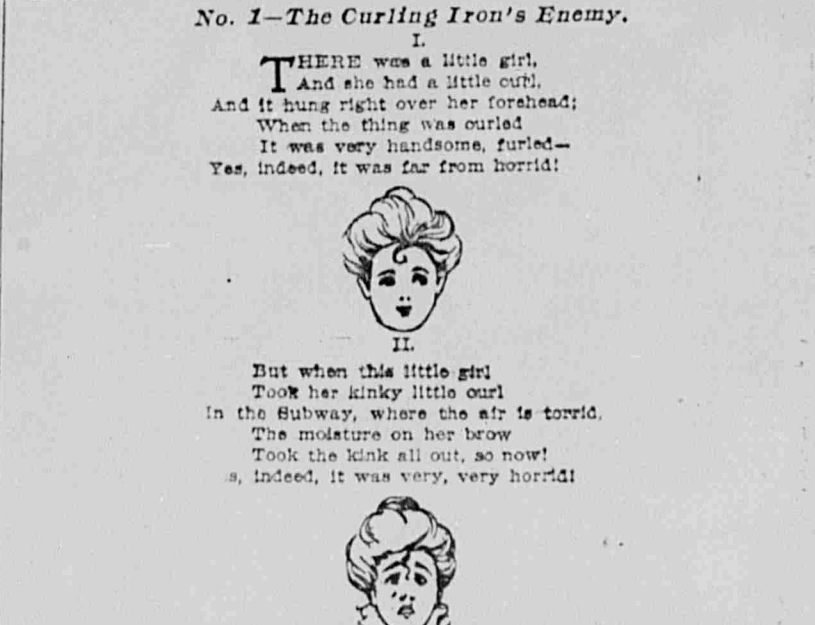
New Rochelle Man—Well, I electrified it last night.

Larchmont Man—How?

New Rochelle Man—Couldn't get a seat and pulled the bell rope. Play whist or hearts?

(High tide of commuters now setting in from neighboring barrooms, all conversation is drowned in noise of engines blowing off steam and gate-men doing violence by word and deed upon the hapless suburbanites running the gantlet.)

SUBWAY SPASMS BY BARNES



May Manton's Daily Fashions.

HOWEVER much the wisdom of Empire styles may be doubted for the older folk they suit the wee girls admirably well and are most attractive seen in the little dresses of lawn, batiste and the like. This one is eminently simple, yet shows the characteristic features and as illustrated is made of white lawn with trimming of fine tucks and embroidery. All the lighter weight materials are, however, appropriate, figured as well as plain. The slightly open square neck and the short sleeves are both charming and becoming, and the shortwaisted effect can be trusted to suit children's figures admirably well.

The quantity of material required for the medium size (4 years) is 3-1/2 yards 27, 25-8 yards 35 or 1-3/4 yards 44 inches wide, with 2-1/4 yards of insertion to trim as illustrated.

Pattern 5292 is cut in sizes for girls of two, four and six years of age.

Child's Empire Frock—Pattern No. 5292.

Call or send by mail to THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, No. 21 West Twenty-third street, New York. Send ten cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered. IMPORTANT—Write your name and address plainly, and always specify size wanted.

HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

By Margaret Hubbard Ayer.

Summer Bleach.



ANNED—Here is the quick bleach for necks and brown spots. Dissolve one ounce of mercury in coarse powder, 8 grains; witch hazel, 2 ounces; rose water, 1 ounce. Agitate until a solution is obtained. Moop over the affected parts. Keep out of the way of ignorant persons and children.

To Reduce Flesh.

MIDDLE-AGED—To reduce flesh avoid all starchy and sweetened food, all cereals, vegetables containing sugar or starch, such as peas, beans, corn, potatoes, &c. Have your

bread toasted; sprinkle it with salt instead of butter. Milk, I regret to say, if it be pure and good, is fattening. Hot water is an excellent substitute for other liquids. Add a little of the juice of limes or lemons to it, if you choose. Limit your sleeping hours to seven and a half. No naps. You must take exercise. If you cannot walk at least five miles a day and do not wheel go to one of the institutions where mechanical massage is given. Several of my correspondents report excellent results from this method of getting the vigorous exercise they require. The system is thoroughly wholesome and not expensive. In reducing flesh the one fact to recollect is that fat is carbon-oxygen compound or burns out carbon. You must consume the carbon by the oxygen you take through your lungs. The more exercise the more oxygen and consequent destruction of fat by the one healthful method of curing obesity. The more starch and sugar you eat the more carbon to burn away.